By MARY PICKFORD---

(The World's Sweetheart Makes a Spirited Reply to the Critics Who, Following the Arbuckle Case, Would Slander the Entire Movie Profession.)

"I Do Not Say There Are Not Black Sheep in the Profession—I Have Seen Black Sheep in the Movie Fold Long Enough—These Are to Be Found in Every Profession, But in No Other Case Has There Been an Attempt to Indict a Class on the Supposed Faults of One."

LONDON, Dec. 10.

MY first word to those who attack the profession because what is alleged to have occurred in the Arbuckle case is a challenge. Let them set up any tribunal they like to try the issue of the movie profession against any other, and I am prepared to predict that the evidence submitted will tell in favor of the stars every time.

I do not say that saint and star are synonymous. Far from it. We are just human beings, but I am not prepared to admit that we have more than our share of the failings of mortals.

To avoid the accusation of posing, I will leave myself out of account altogether, and, having done so, I will say that the artists I know—and I know more of their private life than most of their critics—will compare more favorably with any group of men and women drawn from any walk of life you like to select.

I might go further and say that if you have regard to positive as well as negative virtues, the men and women of the movie world will come out better still, for if there was a profession with a high percentage of men and women possessing the lovable and best qualities of human beings, it is the movie profession.

When I speak like that I am not going by my experience of the movie profession alone, nor am I relying on my own judgment entirely. I have mixed with people in almost every walk of life under the sun, and I have talked over this very question in the last few days with authorities who are in every way fitted to form unbiased opinions, and not one has disputed my claim that the movie profession has nothing to be ashamed of, while some have told me outright that for clean, healthy living film stars rank higher than many of the professions represented by their critics.

I do not say there are not black sheep in the profession, as I have seen the black sheep in the movie fold often enough. They are mostly men and women who drift about from calling to calling craving excitement, and caring little what people think of them or of the profession they belong to. These are to be found in every profession, but in no other case has there been an attempt to indict a class or a whole profession merely because of the supposed faults of one or more.

FOND OF SILLY PRANKS.

Here let me say that I use the word supposed advisedly, because I have yet to be convinced that there is sufficient foundation for the charges made against Fatty Arbuckle. From my own knowledge of Fatty, I should say that he is fond of silly pranks, such as a big overgrown boy might indulge in, and I am sure that whom the case is more fully gone into it will be found that there is another side to the story, and that it is a side far from discreditable to Fatty in the sense suggested by his critics. But even assuming the worst, that proves nothing against movie artists as a class.

As for the orgies of which we have heard so much as the nightly practice in film town, I can only say that I know the film world outside and in better than most people, and I have yet to make acquaintance with the scenes of these orgies. I am aware that such orgies take place. They take place not only in Los Angeles, but in London and in Paris. They vary from the harmless students' rag to mad Bacchanalian revels, but the participants in these revels are not all film stars, nor even connected with the movie profession.

ON THE FRINGE.

It may be that here and there you will find movie people taking part in these scenes, but, believe me, the artists who made a practice of revelry of this kind would soon be in a madhouse or the grave, for it would be impossible to do justice to one's profession, and at the same time spend one's evenings or nights in this revelry that taxes human health and nerves more than is realized. To combine riot of this kind with serious film work would be to burn the candle in the middle as well as at both ends, and I have yet to find the film star who has sufficient superfluous energy to live the life we are accused of living.

Probably what gives rise to the charge is the fact known to everybody connected with the industry that there is on its fringe a number of people of both sexes who like to pose as movie artists because it gives them a standing they would not otherwise have. These people may be called on as supers occasionally, and the calls on them professionally are such that they have ample time for indulging in the riot talked of. They are slaves of dope, and generally addicted to the vices commonly associated with this unhealthy night life, but I deny that these people can fairly be regarded as belonging to the profession in any sense of the term.

If our critics really believe what they say, they have a fine chance of cleaning the profession, for all they need do is to set their detectives to watch us, and to lay bare the secrets of our private life. I think if they took up my challenge and did their work thoroughly the public would be bored to distraction by the record of the ordinary routine life by the average artiste. They would learn that when some of us finish our day's work at the studio, so far from having energy and time left for night revels, we hurry home to sink into the heavy slumber that tells its own tale of exhaustion, physical or mental labor. They would find evidence also that the charm of domestic life of the simplest and purest kind has a far bigger attraction for the average star than any of the supposed thrills of the "dope" den or the wildest "rag" that ever marked excess in the worst parts of the underworld of our great cities.

Personally I am quite willing to have myself "shadowed" in this way whenever and wherever our critics please, and I am sure there is not a prominent man in the profession who would not welcome the greatest publicity. What a fine advertisement it would be for us having our daily and nightly movements described in the papers as the result of the great inquiry into the lawlessness and riot that is supposed to mark life in movieland.

HARMLESS RAGS.

I wonder would the public like to be told day after day that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks dined at their own home and retired to rest about half-past eleven, setting out the next day at 9 o'clock to begin the new day. And the life we live is the life of many others in the profession, the life of the ordinary human being, who has no vicious tastes and takes his pleasures quietly and moderately.

Finally I challenged the detractors of the profession to name the men who are supposed to be guilty of participation in these wild orgies. Apparently the things hinted at are so notorious that there must be hundreds of credible witnesses who can testify to what they themselves have seen. Well, let them come forward with their testimony. Let them expose us all for the hypocrites we are supposed to be, and I am sure that they will have earned the gratitude of the world they are appealing to in the present case.

You may take it from me that apart from the injury to one's health it would not pay any artiste with a reputation to risk frequenting the resorts referred to, for the simple reason that in every great city where they exist these places are liable to be raided at any time, and are, in point of fact, raided.

It is impossible for any artiste, however high his or her standing, to bribe the forces of justice, and there would be the unpleasant publicity to be faced. That of itself would deter any self-respecting artiste from participation in scenes of this sort were they disposed to indulge in them, and, that being the case, I shall want more evidence than has yet been forthcoming on the point.

The only thing approaching to riot I have seen in mixing with the stars of the film firmament is the harmless rag in which we may from time to time find relief from the strain of our calling by harmless fun and frolic more suggestive of irresponsible children than of depraved grown-ups, and I am inclined to the view that some of our "kill-joys," who have seen innocent romps of this kind, have been misled into thinking there was more than actually occurred behind it all. Probably a diseased state of mind among our critics explains the whole business.

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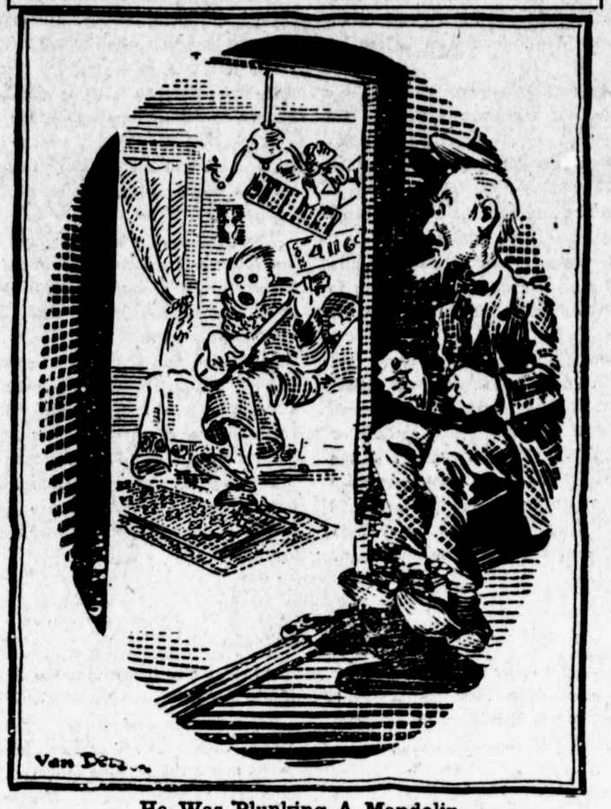
By GEORGE ADE

What Father Bumped Into At the Culture Factory



He Was Plunking A Mandolin.

A DOMESTIC Team had a Boy named Buchanan who refused to Work, so his Parents decided that he needed a College Education. After he got that, he could enter a Learned Profession, in which Work is a mere Side-Issue.

The Father and Mother of Buchanan sent to the College for a Bank Catalogue. The Come-On Book had a Green Cover and it was full of Information. It said that the Necessary Expenses counted up about $180 a year. All students were under helpful and moral Influences from the Moment they arrived. They were expected to hit the Mattress at 10 p. m., while Smoking was forbidden and no one could go to Town except on a Special Permit.

"This is just the place for Buchanan," said his Mother. "It will be such a Comfort to know that Son is in his Room every Evening."

Accordingly Buchanan was supplied with six Shirts, Two Suits of everything, a Laundry Bag, a Pin-Cushion, a Ready-Repair Kit and a Flesh Brush, and away he rode to the Halls of Learning. He wrote back that he was Home Sick but determined to stick out because he realized the Advantages of a College Education. He said his Eyes hurt him a little from Reading at Night and he had to buy a great many Extra Books, but otherwise he was fine and fancy. Love to all and start a little Currency by the first Mail.

After Buchanan had been toiling up the Hill of Knowledge for nearly two Months, sending hot Bulletins back to the Old Folks, his Father decided to visit him and give him some Encouragement.

So Father landed in the College Town and inquired for Buchanan, but no one had heard of such a Person.

"Perhaps you mean 'Old Buck,'" said a Pale Youth, with an ingrowing Hat. "If he's the Indian you want to see, I'll show you where he hangs out."

TEASING A STINGY MANDOLIN.

The Proud Parent was steered to a faded Boarding House and found himself in a Chamber of Horrors that seemed to be a Cross between a Junk-Shop and a Turkish Corner. Here he found the College Desperado known as "Old Buck," attired in a Bath Robe, plunking a stingy little mandolin and smoking a Cigarette that smelled as if somebody had been standing too close to the stove.

"Hello, Guy," said the Seeker after Truth. "Wait until I do a Quick Change and we'll go out and get a few lines of Breakfast."

"Breakfast at 2 p. m.?" inquired Father.

"We had a very busy Night," explained Buchanan. "The Sophomores have disputed our Right to wear Red Neckties, so last night we captured the President of the Soph Class, tied him to a Tree and beat him to a Whisper with a Ball Bat. Then we started over to set fire to the Main Building and we were attacked by a Gang of Sophs. That is how I happened to get this Bum Lamp. Just as he gave me the Knee, I butted him in the Solar Plexus. He's had two Doctors working on him ever since. And now the Freshies are going to give me a Supper at the Dutch Oven tomorrow Night and there is some Talk of electing me Class Poet. So you see, I am getting along fine."

"You are doing Great Work for a Mere Child," said the Parent. "If you keep on you may be a U. S. Senator some day. But tell me, where did you get all of these Sign-Boards, Placards, Head-Stones and other Articles of Vertu?"

"I swiped those," replied the Collegian. "In order to be a real Varsity Devil, one must bring home a few Souvenirs every Night he goes out. If the Missionaries did it, it would be called Looting. If the Common People did it, it would be called Petit Larceny. But with us, it is merely Student Prank."

"I understand," said Father. "Nothing can be done more playful than to nail a Tombstone and use it for a Paper-Weight."

"Would you like to look around the Institution?" asked Buchanan.

"Indeed I should, was the Reply. "Although I have been denied the blessed privileges of Higher Education, I love to get into an atmosphere of 12-cylinder Intellectuality and meet those Souls who are above the sordid Considerations of workaday Commercialism."

SHOW HIM THE CATS.

"You talk like a Bucket of Ashes," said the Undergraduate. "I'm not going to put you up against any Profs. Follow me and I'll fix it so that you can shake hands with the guy that eats 'em alive. I'll take you over to the corral and show you the wild-cats.

"Is this a College or a Zoo," asked the parent.

"I refer to the football squad," said Buchanan. "We keep about forty at the training table all of the time, so that no matter how many are killed off, we will always have eleven left. We have a center rush who weighs 238, and you couldn't dent him with a hatchet. We caught him in the woods north of town and brought him down here. He is taking a special course in piano music two hours a week and the rest of the time he is throwing substitutes down and biting them on the arm."

That evening the son said: "Father, you can stay only a little while and I want to give you a good time while you are here. Come with us. We are going down to the opera house to put a shown on the bum. One of the first things wer learn at college is to kid the troopers. It is considered great sport in these parts. Then, if anyone gets pinched, we tear down the jail, thereby preserving the traditions of dear old Alma Mater."

"We travel 800 in a bunch, so that when the inquest is held, there is no way of finding out just who it was that landed the punch. Anything that happens in a college town is an act of providence. Now come along and see the American youth at play."

TEMPLE OF ART.

They found their way to the temple of art. When the chemical soubrette started in to sing "Hello, Central, give me Heaven," they gave her just the opposite of what she was demanding. A few opera chairs were pulled up by the roots and tossed on the stage, merely to disconcert the artiste. When the house policeman came he was hurled 30 feet into the air and soon after that the show broke up. The student body flocked out and upset a trolley car, and then they went homeward in the moonlight singing "Sweet Memories of College Days, La-la! La-la!"

Next day, when he went back, he told mother not to worry about Buchanan, as he seemed to have a full and sympathetic grasp on the true inwardness of modern educational methods.

MORAL—Attend to the remittance and son will do the rest.

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By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH---

(The Famous Woman Novelist, Author of "Green Apple Harvest," Writes on the New Woman—An Old Cliche.)

"Woman Is At Her Best in the More Decorative Ways of Life—in the Production and Distribution of Beautiful Necessities, or in Those Professions Most Akin to Motherhood, the Care and Education of Children."

THAT phrase, "The New Woman," is the very oldest cliche—the orginal epigram. I cannot conceive it as of any later date than Adam's surprised exclamation at the sight of Eve, when all things were new, including himself. Now Adam is never anything but the Old Adam, where Eve is still New. As a matter of fact, I sometimes think that she is just as old as Adam, but, woman-like, she has mastered the problem of old age, and contrives to keep young as a subject of controversy. She was a topic in ancient Babylon, in ancient Rome, in the times of the Renaissance, in the times of Decadence and Oscar Wilde (when people first discovered that the term "new woman" was old), and now in 1921 she is still the center of discussion, and still apparently as new as ever.

TRANSITION STATE.

No doubt a terrible lot of nonsense is being talked about her, now as always. One particularly popular form of nonsense is to look upon her as a revolution. People talk as if the modern woman belonged to an entirely new order of things; they point back to the Victorian woman, with her crinoline and her Tennyson, and offer her as the type, par excellence, of womankind—her admirers even go so far as to call her a womanly woman. The fact is that it was the Victorian woman who was the revolution and the breakaway. She was a phase attending the combined phenomena of the rise of Teutonism in high places and the rise of the middle classes out of industrial exploitation. Because she blocks our immediate past, we have come to think she fills the whole of it. We neglect to look behind her. If we did, we should find the hearty eighteenth-century girl, who ate her breakfast of beef and beer, rode long miles and days a-horseback, and read "Tom Jones" with an enjoyment uncondemned either by herself or her critics—behind her again we should find the witty Carolean dame, with her knowledge of life and politics—then comes the Elizabeth boy-girl (I can't believe that Shakespeare's heroines are quite imaginary), grandchild of those towering women of the Renaissance, mistresses of learning and love, the women who could read Latin and Greek and Hebrew, who ruled countries and empires and pulled the strings of puppet armies of men, who did their rough and dirty work. I can't conceive the most extreme advocate of women's rights demanding more.

Women are now in a transition state of recovery from the set-back of Victorianism, and on their way back to that freedom which was theirs before the Tennysonian age. That is what is making their position in these days at once so conspicuous and so insecure. They are fighting—often with much clamor and often not quite fairly—to win level with the men who got ahead of them during those years when they were stationary under the Good Queen. Women's standard of freedom and education may have been lower under Queen Anne than under Queen Victoria, but it was not so noticeably behind that of the men. If women were illiterate and unfranchised in the eighteenth century, so were the men, except the conspicuous few; but in the nineteenth century the reform acts immensely enlarged the male scope in politics without doing anything for women, and though the education acts were more impartial, the rise of masculine tyranny and vanity under a woman's reign made it comparatively difficult for women to avail themselves of their privileges. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries men at least tolerated intellect in their wives.

LOVE AFFAIRS.

Woman now has very nearly the same political and educational advantages as man, but you cannot be much impressed by the use she has made of them. Politics have surely never been more treacherous or commercial than they are in these Utopian days, when woman has the vote, and education seems to have persuaded some women to think that their highest aim in life is to produce a feeble imitation of their brothers. Marriage is going out of fashion as a vocation, and a great deal of nonsense is talked about men and women working together side by side and being independent of each other. I have even heard it said in praise of the modern women that she does not look upon marriage as her aim in life, but looks forward to entering a profession and earning her living independently of male support.

To me this schoolgirlish contempt of natural emotions is just as bad as early Victorian prudery. If a woman does not look forward to marriage as the central hope of her life it means either that she intends to pursue her love affairs anti-socially or, worse still, that she does not mean to have any at all. Of course, there is that most recent product of the age, that standby of modern journalism, the superfluous woman. But people forget that she is merely a passing phenomenon, and not a fact of nature, and that there is no reason why ideals, morals and economics should be altered to meet her case. It would be better if we set ourselves to get rid of her problem by improving the conditions of child-life, so that we do not every year preventably lose so many boy babies, and also by doing our best to make the country fit for other men besides heroes to live in. Nature intended the sexes to be equally balanced, so that neither man nor woman should have to live alone; but a selfish and muddled civilization has spoiled Nature's work, and every year thousands of the best of Englishmen are driven overseas to create a superfluous man problem in Canada or Australia.

The result is that economic reasons urge women into professions for which they are physically and temperamentally unfitted, and conditions for the male workers are made still worse by the consequent lowering of standards both in work and wages. Surely the war ought to have taught us that most professions are unsuited to women, both for physical and temperamental reasons. They stepped into the men's places and did their best, but they were not, generally speaking, successful. Those who worked under or with women in the war can testify to the nervous instability—showing itself in ill temper, injustice, and petty tyranny—to which even the most charming and capable women succumbed after long hours of taxing and responsible work. A woman's nervous energy was meant to be consumed by other things. Of course, I am not saying that all professions are unsuited to women, but in these days of her recovered freedom she has shown a strange lack of discrimination. Woman is at her best in the more decorative ways of life—in the production and distribution of beautiful necessities, or in those professions most akin to motherhood, the care and education of children, or medical attendance on her own sex. Her brain power and nervous energy are essentially different from a man's, and she makes a mistake when she tries to use them in the same way. It is partly due to her confusion of equality with identity. To prove herself man's equal, as she always has been, she has paid him an unnecessary compliment of imitation, and she will never establish herself fully in popular opinion as his equal until she realizes that her equality lies in her difference. She is man's mate and completion, not his competitor, and her development lies along parallel, not similar, lines. If she merely tries to follow in his footsteps it will lead to much stumbling and weariness, and perhaps at last to the terrible tragedy of Eve's growing old.

(Copyright, 1921.)

By MAX PEMBERTON---

(The Brilliant English Author Writes on the Emancipation of Women and Her Progress in New Vocations)

"We Need Womanhood in Our Public Life. Above All, We Need Her Tact, Her Gentleness, Her Amazing Patience, and Her Forgiveness. The Old Comedians Taught Us This and Harped on It for Two Centuries."

TO be slow in words is woman's only virtue, according to the poet. There are those who are telling us that, on the contrary, swiftness and acrimony are in reality woman's surest weapons and that a wholly aggressive demeanor is the one most likely to serve her cause.

The woman of our day having won her emancipation finds a great field of activity opened to her. She can take her seat in Parliament; she can vote; she can sit amid the so-called justices.

As a doctor she is greatly esteemed, and presently she will be practicing at the bar. These opportunities have, in a measure, weaned her from domesticity, and it is averred unwarrantably by mere males that they have robbed her in a measure of her femininity.

Naturally anxious to succeed in these new vocations, she has looked about to ascertain what masculine qualities hitherto have contributed to such reputation and, erroneously, appear to have determined that they were aggression, domination and self-assertion. That the devil took care of the hindmost was soon apparent to her, and she resolved at an early stage not to be found in such a company. The fight for her rights has been bitter and long-sustained, and now that it has been won it has left her supremely conscious of a justly won triumph.

So she goes among men, ready not to battle with her own weapons, but with those put into her hands by man.

She will meet him upon his own grounds, give a Roland for his Oliver, and so carry herself that her masculinity will win the applause from the multitude.

"THE PERFECT WOMAN."

Herein I feel sure that she is wholly wrong. The qualities which we ask of her, those which will best serve the nation, are not of a rugged, but of a kindlier order. We need her womanhood, not her capacity for combat. She must become the "perfect woman, nobly planned."

Through the ages philosophers have taught us that in certain moods she is irresistible. We see her as the heroine of comedy and tragedy—but always as the woman. "What every woman knows" is that she is a woman, and that in her womanhood lies victory.

If in this play Sir James Barrie had created a shrew who said to her husband: "I have been educated at Cambridge. I play football and hockey. I shouldered myself into the lecture rooms," the good man would never have had his speech revised nor would the cabinet minister have listened to him. Maggie knew well that he was a fool; but she was careful to conceal the fact from him. She was slow in words, but strong in deeds. And the poor fellow had to laugh at last, and that was the end of him.

Women will be wise if they consider this question of tact and bring as much as they can of it into a world a little weary of masculine dominance.

The House of Commons, tired of an oratory which threatens and beats tin boxes in anger, might readily listen to the woman who preaches that the quality of mercy is not strained.

A judge who turns impatiently from the ordinary pleadings of counsel might turn a kindly ear to the pleading of a woman. She would never forget that the cowering prisoner was some heartbroken mother's son—and so she would plead the cause of every erring son.

The old comedians taught us this and harped upon it for two centuries. Man for them was a ranting animal.

Woman, on the other hand, was all nentleness and wonderful as a diplomat. How she flattered the irate fool; how she waxed him; how cunningly she, who knew the truth, hid that truth from him! And the victory was always that of her tact and apparent artlessness.

periment in taking woman into its counsels and endowing her with new responsibilities and powers. She is being watched and ultimately she will be judged out of her own mouth.

(Copyright, 1921.)

By SIR F. MAURICE---

(Major General Maurice Is Regarded as the Foremost Gas-Warfare Expert of the British Army, and Is One of the Premier Strategists of the World on This Type of Warfare.)

"The Only Way That I See of Preventing the Use of Poison Gas Is for Every Nation to Know How to Make It and to Have the Means of Making It—Then Will Governments Know How Equally Deadly Gas May Be."

LONDON, Dec. 10.

SINCE the subject of the use of poison gas in warfare was mooted at this year's meeting of the British Association, there has been much discussion in the press, and I find that a number of scientists have declared that the use of poison gas is, in their opinion, not inhuman, or at least not more inhuman than the employment of explosive shells or other forms of destruction.

I desire to combat this view because I believe that the possibility of limiting the use of poison in war depends largely upon the scientists. My opinion has now been indorsed by the assembly of the League of Nations, which has adopted the report of its Third commission on the reduction of armaments. That report contains the following passage:

It has been stated that inventions have been made or perfected since the war whereby wholesale destruction of the civil population would be possible by the dropping of poison bombs and the like from the air, nor is there any reason to suppose that the limits of invention in these fiendish devices have been reached. And if, as seems possible to the committee to be arguable, the employment of these weapons will be rendered impracticable if there were no secrecy about them, the possibility of obtaining complete publicity for scientific researches in this domain is certainly worth exploring.

APPEAL TO SCIENCE.

Accordingly the committee recommended the temporary mixed commission should be asked to consider whether an appeal should not be addressed to all scientific men in the world, urging them to publish to the world the results of their discoveries in such matters, so that the knowledge of them, having become public property, their use as weapons of war by any single state may be rendered improbable.

Clearly, if any number of scientists do not consider the use of poison gas inhuman this proposal of the League of Nations will not be of much value. But there is no doubt that the use of gas by the Germans in the second battle of Ypres was regarded as a barbarity. So much was this the case that many distinguished soldiers were doubtful whether we ought to use gas in reply.

By the Hague Declaration of 1889, which was signed by both Great Britain and Germany, "the signatories agree to abstain from the use of projectiles, the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases." In The Hague Convention of 1907 both Britain and Germany agreed not to use poison or poisoned weapons. Germany got round these agreements because the gases used in the second battle of Ypres, were strictly, not poison, and they were discharged from cylinders, not from projectiles, but she was universally regarded as having evaded the spirit of her agreements, and was condemned accordingly. There is no doubt, therefore, that the use of poison gas was held, before and during the war, to be inhuman. Why should there be any change of opinion now?

The peculiar inhumanity in the use of poison gas, as compared with other weapons of war, is that its use may, as the report of the League of Nations says, "involve wholesale destruction of the civil population."

AEROPLANE PERIL.

Early in May, 1915, the Germans made their second gas attack at Ypres, employing a far greater volume of gas than in their first attack. I remember that early in the morning, when this second attack took place, I was riding just outside Haasebrouck, when my horse suddenly refused to go a yard further, and soon after I felt my own eyes smarting.

When I got back to my office I received a telegram with the news of the gas attack, and realizeed that I and my horse had felt the gas twenty-one miles from the place where it had been discharged. If that gas had been really poisonous the thousands of women and children in Haasebrouck that day might have been killed. A fleet of aeroplanes could now carry for several hundred miles as much gas as the Germans discharged on that occasion; and if the gas were really poisonous, and the breeze carried it for a distance of twenty-one miles from the place where it was dropped, the destruction of the civil population would indeed be wholesale.

The only way that I see of preventing the use of the former, at least until the League of Nations has succeeded in abolishing war, is for every nation to know how to make it, and to have the means of making it, so that any government thinking of employing gas will know that an equally deadly gas may be used in reply, and that by using gas it is exposing its civil population to wholesale destruction.

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